

P O E M S

ON

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS:

BY

ANN CURTIS,

SISTER OF

MRS. SIDDON S.

O LOV'D SIMPLICITY! BE THINE THE PRIZE!

SHENSTONE.

---

L O N D O N:

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TO  
HER GRACE  
THE  
DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

*supp 22-9*

M A D A M,

THE uncommon condescension with  
which your Grace permitted the fol-  
lowing small Work to be Dedicated to you,  
demands my warmest acknowledgments,  
a and

and must for ever live in my memory with  
 unfeigned Gratitude. Obscure, unknown,  
 it might have been, nay, it was presumptuous  
 to solicit; but your Grace, the constant  
 Encourager of Arts, and Patronizer of  
 Genius, with a Generosity known but to  
 few, and a Manner peculiar to yourself,  
 granted me the Honour of laying it at your  
 feet. This kind indulgence must cause my  
 Verse to flourish: for, who will question  
 the Merit of that which is approved by  
 You?

A Woman seldom writes without ha-  
 zarding much, for want of sufficient Know-  
 ledge; and yet I conceive great Hopes from  
 the lustre my Book will receive, by having  
 your



your Name affixed to it: the Numbers will flow more harmonious, the Sentiments more just; and the recollection of your unequalled Beauty and Virtues, will add grace to those Lines, which might otherwise have too justly borne the epithet of Insipid. I have endeavoured to preserve simplicity of Style, and delicacy of Sentiment, which the celebrated Pope says, are the chief Beauties of Pastoral Poetry: and how far I have succeeded, your Grace must determine; but certainly, if my Verses should please a person of your refined Taste and Judgment, they cannot long continue in want of Public Favour.

That

( iv. )

That they may assist to amuse a vacant  
hour, is the utmost ambition, of

Your Grace's

Most obliged, devoted,

And obedient Servant,

A. CURTIS.

A D D R E S S

TO THE

P U B L I C.

WHAT Reception this Work will meet with is unknown; but the Author is apprehensive, too much will be expected from one who is so nearly related to Mrs. SIDDONS. It may therefore be necessary to inform those, who feel themselves inclined to criticise upon a first Production, that some of the Pieces were written at the age of Fourteen; and others under a complication of Difficulties; that it was not a thirst of Fame, but the repeated persuasions of some, perhaps

perhaps, too partial, Friends, who urged the Publication.

The NIGHT MARE will, perhaps, be considered as *nouvelle*, being a subject never before treated of by any Author except Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, and there very slightly. It must, however, be confessed, that the hint is taken from a whimsical painting of Fuseli's, exhibited last year at the Royal Academy.

The POEM ON PEACE was written in less than a Fortnight; and if the execution fails, the design will not, it is hoped, be deemed destitute of Merit, its chief intent being a Panegyric on those Officers who so particularly distinguished themselves, by their indefatigable perseverance and bravery in the late War. Every heart, open to Humanity, must feelingly lament the deaths  
-of

of Lord Robert Manners, Major Andre, and other unfortunate Gentlemen, who lost their lives in defence of their Country. Every benevolent mind must be sensible of the horrors of a War; which has robbed England of so many bright ornaments; and therefore will rejoice at a Peace, which is likely to be productive of so much real advantage; particularly in our Commercial Affairs.

Not unconscious of Defects in this Work, the Author sends it into the World like an unblown Flower, either to expand or wither, as it is approved or condemned. It is therefore submitted to a generous Public, with full assurance, that if there is the smallest dawn of Merit, it will not be overlooked.





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P E A C E,

P O E M.

---

HARK! o'er the plain the trumpet's heard no  
more,

No longer dins the fury of the War;  
Pale Slaughter, all distain'd with human gore,  
Is heard no longer threat'ning from afar.

And see, on Albion's Cliffs a Maid appears,  
Waving, with dove-like eyes, a snowy wand;  
Her presence dissipates our doubts and fears,  
She cheers our drooping, our despairing land.

B

'Fis

'Tis heav'n-born Peace, with grateful Olives crown'd !  
She comes to bid her best lov'd children smile ;  
Oh ! be thy pleasing influence ever own'd  
In this thy favour'd, thy distinguish'd Isle.

But had'st thou, Goddess, sooner lent thy aid,  
To save Britannia's Sons from fatal death,  
Full many a wife, and many a tender maid,  
Had blest and prais'd thee with their latest breath.

Then had the deep-fetch'd sigh, and heart-felt groan,  
Ne'er echo'd from the pensive widow's breast,  
Who now must never hope the soft return  
Of balmy comfort, and heart-easing rest.

Full many an orphan mourns a father's fate,  
Who might have liv'd to bless their later days,  
Had deadly Faction, and contending hate,  
Ne'er led him thro' Ambition's fatal maze.

Then

Then had lamented Andre, hapless youth,  
 No fatal tribute to his country paid :  
 Great was his courage, great his love of truth,  
 Tho' now unthought of in the earth he's laid :

Doom'd by the enemy to yield his breath,  
 Calmly resign'd without a groan or sigh,  
 He smil'd complacent in the arms of death,  
 And in his country's cause did greatly die.

Thy gaping wounds, O Manners, still shall live,  
 Thy valiant deeds make ev'ry bosom glow !  
 For thee each sympathetic heart shall grieve,  
 And to thy mem'ry drop the tear of woe.

May ev'ry wreath adorn brave Elliot's brow,  
 Who did each danger, greatly, nobly dare ;  
 Made Britain's foes beneath his standard bow,  
 And stood the wasting fury of the war.



For four long years besieg'd by France and Spain,  
 He brav'd, undaunted, their united host;  
 Nor sunk beneath pale Famine's meagre train,  
 Nor wish'd to quit his dreadful, dang'rous post,

Thou too, O Rodney! well deserv'st our praise:  
 In after ages heroes shall be taught,  
 In lofty verse, and fame-refounding lays,  
 How Rodney conquer'd, and how Elliot fought.

The dreadful horrid scene wild Fancy shows,  
 When fir'd by Fame, brave Rodney went to meet  
 Upon the sea, that high as mountains rose,  
 On victory intent, the adverse Fleet.

The darken'd air, the curling waves appear,  
 The loud wind whistles, and the billows rise;  
 The piercing outcries of the crew I hear,  
 When the toss'd vessel seems to touch the skies.



'Spite of the storm the meeting ships engage,  
 Long kept afunder by the roaring flood ;  
 Now, now they give a loose to frantic rage,  
 And the rough sea becomes a foam of blood!

'Twas then, O Manners ! eager of renown,  
 Despoil'd of limbs, thou fought'st in Britain's cause ;  
 Gallia survey'd thee with a ghastly frown,  
 And 'spite of enmity, bestow'd applause.

Long Conquest stood upon each spreading sail,  
 As doubtful where to fix the laurel crown ;  
 " Britons," at length she cry'd, " will still prevail !  
 " And Rodney claim Victoria for his own !"

The Ville de Paris 'bove the rest did rise,  
 De Grasse was her commander's valiant name ;  
 But Rodney soon obtain'd the wish'd-for prize,  
 Rodney, the son of Glory and of Fame.

How

How vain, alas ! are all the hopes of man !  
On the wide ocean was the vessel tofs'd ;  
'Tis thought she sunk beneath the boundless span,  
And is to England, as to Gallia lost.

But let me wave the melancholy theme,  
And sing of Peace, and all her smiling train,  
Who love to wander near the mazy stream,  
Or revel wanton on the flow'ry plain.

To hail her blest approach, the genial Spring  
Shall ope her beauties to the ravish'd sight ;  
And dreary Winter, with his fable wing,  
Shall take a long, and not unwish'd for, flight :

Next the glad Summer, crown'd with fruits and flow'rs,  
Shall frolic joyous o'er the daisied lawn,  
Where passing zephyrs, from the groves and bow'rs,  
And op'ning rose-buds hail thy happy dawn.

The tawny Harvest, waving o'er the field  
 Its yellow blessings and its golden grains,  
 Its ripen'd bounties more replete shall yield,  
 And give thee welcome to thy native plains.

Thou meek-ey'd Goddess, dost delight to dwell  
 Within the violet-embroider'd vale;  
 Or else within the ivy-cover'd cell,  
 Or in the low and lilly fringed dale.

At dappled morn, upon the sloping hill,  
 Thou listen'st to the horn's resounding note ;  
 Or else beside the gently flowing rill,  
 Thou hear'st the sound upon the waters float.

Sometimes within the twining woodbine's shade,  
 Whose perfume scents the wanton Zephyr's wing,  
 Thou sit'st to hear within the neighb'ring glade,  
 The new-fledg'd birds their infant carols sing.

Favour'd

Favour'd by thee, now toils the lab'ring swain,  
 Nor thinks his weary occupation hard;  
 He sings----'Tis thou inspir'st the artless strain,  
 'Tis thou bestow'st his best, his sure reward.

When sober Eve, in dusky vestments clad,  
 Relieves him, happy from his daily task,  
 'Tis thou that mak'st his pensive bosom glad,  
 For Peace bestows whatever man can ask.

Thy gentle spirit in his bosom glows,  
 Whene'er he speaks of Arno's winding vale,  
 By thee inspir'd, the accent softer flows,  
 And taught by thee, he sweeter tells the tale.

Thou halcyon Goddess, near me take thy stand,  
 Thy gentle look does ev'ry care beguile;  
 Round me thy soft, thy downy wings expand,  
 And cheer my sorrows with thy heavenly smile.

O lead

O lead me by the gently purling stream,  
 Whose pleasing murmurs lull to soft repose;  
 Sunk in thy arms, O let me sweetly dream!  
 And ev'ry grief and ev'ry torture lose.

Daughter of Peace, Hygeia \* ever fair,  
 O wander with us by the mountain's side;  
 Possess'd of thee, we loose the yoke of care,  
 And all our moments, wing'd with pleasure, glide.

Far from the splendor of the glitt'ring Court,  
 Far from Ambition's dazzling, dangerous throne,  
 Let's rove---where innocence and virtue's taught,  
 T' adore those glories God bestows alone.

And yet, among the great there's still a few,  
 Unhurt by envy, and untouch'd by pride,  
 Whose generous hearts no meanness ever knew;  
 Within whose souls soft Peace delights to 'bide.

\* Goddess of Health.

C

Tho'



Tho' on the board the golden goblets shine,  
 And Nature spreads her most luxuriant store;  
 Tho' ev'ry heart is warm'd with sparkling wine,  
 If Peace is absent, joy is felt no more.

Tho' the fond virgin feeds a hapless flame,  
 And breathes her passion to the passing gale;  
 Tho' ev'ry sigh conveys her lover's name,  
 In hopeless anguish, to the silent vale:

'Tis thine, O Peace, each torture to assuage,  
 To wipe the pearly drops from off her eye,  
 To mitigate the mad effects of rage,  
 And bid her bosom cease to heave the sigh.

O gentle Peace! what language can define  
 The joys, the transports, that thy form inspires!  
 Thy modest aspect, and thy look divine,  
 Each bosom pants for, and each heart desires.

O may



O may no fatal adverse stroke divide  
And tear thee, Peace, from Albion's happy shore,  
But may'st thou spread thy wish'd-for empire wide,  
Till Time and Memory shall be no more.

Commerce again lifts up its late-crush'd head,  
Pleas'd to behold the dawn of happier days,  
When di'monds, silver, gold, and useful lead,  
Shall ope to view in full enrich'ning blaze.

Now once again our ravish'd eyes shall meet  
Golconda's wealth, and Peru's shining ore ;  
Neptune shall waft them 'cross the seas, to greet  
Belov'd Britannia's long-forfaken shore.

On the wide bosom of the silver Thames  
Arabia's spicy store again shall ride ;  
And vessels freighted from Hesperia's realms,  
On the smooth surface of the water glide.

America her native rocks shall view,  
 In language and religion still the same ;  
 Britannia, to their int'rests ever true,  
 Shall sink th' Opponent in a Mother's flame.

Thou Gallia, too, again shalt be believ'd,  
 Again shalt trade upon this sea-girt isle ;  
 Tho' thou our easy faith hast oft deceiv'd,  
 Yet on thy produce we will deign to smile.

Rever'd Britannia, in thy children pride,  
 Belov'd of heaven is he who fills the throne ;  
 In his firm breast his people's love reside,  
 Their warmest wishes and their hearts' his own.

How shall my untaught Muse fit language find  
 To speak the goodness of our much-lov'd Queen ?  
 For every virtue dwells within her mind,  
 A concord, Phœnix-like, but seldom seen.

Angelic

Angelic Peace ! for ever hover round,  
And from dread War defend the coming hour ;  
Near to Britannia be thou ever found,  
Guarding her cities with thy saving pow'r.

Ye Heroes, to your native lands return,  
Who bravely have defended England's cause ;  
For much our grateful, anxious bosoms burn,  
To give you just and permanent applause.

On thee, Britannia, may each blessing pour,  
May jocund plenty round thee ever smile ;  
May Peace defend from ev'ry foreign Pow'r,  
And Commerce flourish in this happy Isle.

HENRY

# HENRY AND JESSY.

## A T A L E.

THE Night was hideous dark ; no twinkling star  
Shot a pale beam, or glitter'd from afar,  
When Jessy fought the yawning Church-yard's gloom,  
To weep beside her much-lov'd Henry's tomb.

“ All hail, ye horrors ! dreary glooms,” she cries,

“ Within whose shade entomb'd my Henry lies :

“ Full in the pride of youth, he fought the grave,

“ Nor could my tears the lovely victim save.

“ Shall I no more those beauteous eyes survey,

“ Nor view that form, which snatch'd my soul away ?

“ Shall I no more those love-taught accents hear,

“ Whose melting softness charm'd th' enraptur'd ear ?

“ O stain to virtue, and to virgin fame !

“ Sev'n conscious moons beheld my growing shame,

“ When

" When death infatiate, clos'd those lovely eyes,  
 " Blind to my tears, and deaf to all my cries :  
 " Ere Hymen could his purple incense bring,  
 " Or white rob'd Virgins soft hymen'als sing.  
 " Now the chaste matron warns the softer young ;  
 " With Jeffy's shame the distant forests rung :  
 " Scorn'd by each maid, and pity'd by each swain,  
 " I fly the meads, and shun the hated plain :  
 " Like some sad ghost I glide from grove to grove,  
 " The wretched spectacle of lawless love.  
 " All-gracious Heav'n ! if woes like mine can move,  
 " Quick take me to you---snatch me to my love ;  
 " I come prepar'd to meet my utmost doom,  
 " And breathe my last upon my Henry's tomb."  
 The Gods assent---red grows the troubl'd sky,  
 And nimble lightnings dance before her eye ;  
 The raven croak'd, hoarse thunder shook the ground,  
 And echoing vaults remurmur'd back the sound.  
 " I hear the summons---Henry, I come !" she cry'd ;  
 Embrac'd his tomb, and with a sigh, she dy'd.

WINTER.



## W I N T E R.

NOW Winter, rob'd in chilling snows,  
Advances slow along ;  
No flowret in the valley blows,  
Hush'd is the linnet's song.

No smiling colours paint the skies,  
Dark clouds obscure the day ;  
His cheering warmth bright Sol denies,  
Or sheds a fainter ray.

Yon mazy stream, that us'd to glide  
With gently murm'ring sound,  
Now spreads its glassy bosom wide,  
In icy fetters bound.

But soon shall Spring, with genial heat,  
Renew the drooping flow'rs ;  
Flora shall bloom beneath our feet,  
And deck our blasted bow'rs.

But,



But, ah! within this care-torn breast

Eternal Winter reigns ;

No Spring can calm my soul to rest,

No Summer chase my pains.

Should Nature all her beauties yield,

To charm the eye or taste ;

With richest colours deck yon field,

'Twould seem a dreary waste.

No more shall joy my bosom move,

Tho' year on year should roll,

Condemn'd eternally to prove

The *Winter* of the *Soul*.

D

TO

T O A F R I E N D,

W H O B A D E M E H O P E.

THOU bad'st me hope---Alas! can Hope  
Restore Content, long lost;  
Or safely guide the shatter'd bark  
That's on the ocean toft?

When anguish tears the tortur'd soul,  
And heaves the pent-up sigh,  
And sad reflection makes the tear  
Stand trembling in the eye;

Think'st thou, that Hope's delusive pow'r  
Can aught of joy impart,  
To calm the tumults of my mind,  
Or ease a breaking heart?

Ah!

( 19 )

Ah, no, my Friend! too oft has Hope

My flatter'd sense deceiv'd:

She glittering prospects oft has shown,—

Too oft have I believ'd.

D 2

ELEGY

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

LET every tongue be mute---for Garrick's dead!

The Child of Nature seeks his native skies;  
With him, alas! the Graces all are fled,  
In him is lost whatever Taste could prize.

Envy herself shall give the Genius praise,  
Shall own, fair Science grew beneath his shade;  
And Fame for him shall plant the blooming bays,  
To shade the tomb that holds th' immortal dead.

Let hollow blasts be heard along the dale,  
And tuneful birds forget to hail the dawn;  
Let ev'ry flowret die within the vale,  
Nor perfum'd cowslips deck the painted lawn.

Each

Each downy swan, on Avon's flowing tide,

“ Fading in music” his departure breath :

Shade of our Shakespeare, rise ! for lo ! the pride

Of all thy works is gone---thy choicest Wreath.

Let laurel tributes deck our Garrick's tomb,

While tears in torrents from our eyes shall flow ;

With woe-fraught hearts we'll quit the peaceful gloom,

And pay to Worth, what Mem'ry can bestow.

Ye weeping Muses, cease those fruitless tears,

No longer haunt yon melancholy gloom ;

His voice now charms in heaven, seraphic ears,

Tho' cold his ashes in the dreary tomb.

But soft awhile---behold yon opening sky !

See, where he mingles with the blest above !

O Grave ! where is thy mighty victory,

Since Death's dread sting creates immortal love ?

INVOCATION

TO

FANCY.

COME, sprightly Goddess, fair and blithe,  
With eyes of azure blue,  
Who gently skimm'st the fleeting air  
With robe of motley hue :

O hush me on thy snowy breast,  
To soft, enchanting sleep ;  
For on thy bosom Care's beguil'd,  
And Woe forgets to weep.

Borne on thy wing, the cot I've view'd,  
The flow'r enamell'd mead ;  
Heard Philomela's plaintive moan,  
And Shepherd's vocal reed.

The



The desert wild, the craggy rock,  
And dashing surge, I've seen ;  
The mould'ring tow'r, and blasted heath,  
By Luna's lambent beam.

On Avon's banks I've trac'd the stream,  
Where swans delight to lave ;  
Their ebon oars there ever ride,  
Their proud necks kiss the wave.

To Heaven I oft have wing'd my way,  
Where worlds eternal roll,  
There trod the spangl'd pavement o'er,  
And rov'd from pole to pole.

Come then, thou Goddess, heav'nly fair,  
With thee, O let me live ;  
With smiling mirth let me partake  
Those joys which thou can'st give.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF A

F R I E N D.

NO more I hail the rosy-colour'd morn,  
Or range with gladness o'er the tufted mead ;  
No more I brush the dew-drops from the thorn,  
Or join my voice to Damon's vocal reed.

For, horror to reflection, now no more  
Eliza sings, the wonder of the plain ;  
When doubting whether they should not adore,  
Admiring mortals heard the 'witching strain.

Within her spotless mind each virtue dwelt,  
She wip'd the tear from ev'ry forrowing eye ;  
A tale of woe her tender heart would melt,  
And heave her bosom with the pitying sigh.

Pale was the rose upon her beauteous cheek,  
Robb'd of its blooming hue by pining Care ;  
Yet sweet Religion, fair and meek,  
Taught her the sick'ning hand of Death to bear.

Ye gentle Virgins, on Eliza's bier  
Strew the fresh rose, and snow-drop ever fair ;  
Then if they fade, refresh them with a tear—  
Eliza was deserving of your care.

TO A FRIEND,  
ON READING HIS  
POLYDORE AND JULIA  
IN THE LADIES' MAGAZINE.

YE tuneful Nine, inspire my artless verse!  
Teach me in flowing numbers to rehearse  
His praise, who told the melancholy tale,  
More soft than Zephyr fanning thro' the vale.  
He real Love from real Nature drew,  
And dar'd the Lover's feelings to the view:  
Painted what anguish, what distress he prov'd,  
When parted from the maid he fondly lov'd;  
What pangs, what tortures fill'd the gentle breast  
Of Julia---Told how frantic, how distress'd,  
When at the altar, by a Sire's command,  
She gave her trembling, her unwilling hand,

To

To him she hated.---Most unhappy Fair!  
 Too soon you trod the thorny paths of Care :  
 Affrighted Hymen from the Altar fled,  
 Nor held his torch to light the nuptial bed.  
 Haste thee, fair Fame, thy laureate honours spread,  
 In-wreaths unfading, to adorn the head  
 Of him, whose name shall flourish when he's dead :  
 Ev'n sternest Censure, pestilent and pale,  
 And Criticism, with its chilling gale,  
 Shall raise a Fane to speak thy matchless fame,  
 And Envy's self build altars to thy name.  
 Cautious I strike the panegyric string,  
 And fearful to offend, on languid wing  
 The Muse soars faintly---yet accept the lay ;  
 'Tis Merit prompts, and Friendship bids obey.



## A N I M P R O M P T U.

THE Nine and Apollo from Pindus descended,  
To see if the race of mankind was amended ;  
And try, if each virtue to one fair was given,  
As old Father Jove had oft boasted in heaven.  
They travers'd the globe a fair female to find,  
In whom wit, good-nature, and virtue were join'd :  
In one there was pride, folly, noise, and ill-nature,  
Another was vain, without one blooming feature ;  
In each, there was something that still gave offence—  
For what is good-nature without there's good sense?  
And what is good-nature and sense, when they're join'd,  
Unless with strict honour they're closely combin'd?  
Deceiv'd thus and vex'd, they prepar'd to be gone,  
When Phœbus reflected they'd pass'd over one :  
Returning, they view'd in the Duchess of Devon  
E'en more than old Jove had reported in heaven :



No envy, no malice, debas'd her pure mind,  
 To all she was generous, to all she was kind;  
 As beauteous as Venus, like Dian as chaste,  
 Good sense, sparkling wit, in her features they trac'd;  
 They found that despotic she reign'd in all hearts,  
 And they stil'd her thenceforward—PROTECTRESS OF  
 ARTS!

ZELIDA

## ZELIDA TO IRENA.

### A N E P I S T L E.

'TIS past!—the hours of happiness are o'er :—  
They're fled!—and Reason lends her aid no more.  
Why throbs my heart, ah! why these killing fears?  
What means this bursting sigh, these falling tears?  
Why swells my soul within its fix'd retreat?  
Why glows my bosom with unusual heat?  
Say, for thou know'st, is it a sin to own,  
Where Love resides, no peace, no bliss is known?  
Not myrtle grove, nor amaranthine bower,  
Can save, can shield from Love's almighty power :  
Whether in grove, or by the chiding stream,  
My Love, my Azor, is my constant theme!  
For him I sigh, for him, alas! I mourn;  
For him I weep, without the least return.

Say,

Say, can'st thou blame so pure, so chaste a fire?

'Tis love refin'd, not wild or loose desire :

Peruvian maids, unlearn'd in wile or art,

Can ne'er disguise the feelings of the heart.

O curst Ambition! thirst of slavish store!

Why did rude War invade our peaceful shore?

Why did the Spaniards seek Peruvian gold,

By us unthought of, and in mines grown old?

The never-dying lamps were burning round,

When lo! the temple shook---the altar groan'd!

" Postpone the nuptial rites!" the Incas cried,

" Some dreadful evil will our land betide."

Scarce had the Priest pronounc'd this direful tale,

When dismal shriekings fill'd the distant vale :

The Spaniards came, O horror to relate!

Our nation bravely fought, and---met their fate!

The bleeding Fathers to the Altars bore

Their Infants, blotted with paternal gore;

Hoping the Temple would a refuge prove,

And from the Stabber save the Babes they love :

Say,

Round

Round the blest'd Image of our God ador'd  
 I clung---with fervent pray'rs his aid implor'd ;  
 Nor pray'rs nor tears could save us from their pow'r,  
 They came, and---conquer'd in an evil hour;  
 They bore me, trembling, o'er the boundless flood,  
 Their swords still reeking with my country's blood.  
 Yes, my Irena! on the very day  
 That was to join, they tore my Love away,  
 Far from my fight---infill'd into his mind  
 His love was sinful, his religion blind ;  
 Taught him his household deities to scorn,  
 Nor praise the god that does illumine the morn. \*  
 His fickle heart believ'd their faithless wiles,  
 Deliver'd with deceit---drefs'd up in smiles.  
 Why did I live to quit my native land,  
 Where innocence and truth went hand in hand ?  
 Where festive mirth, with soft contentment reign'd ?  
 Each other's good---to us a joy unfeign'd ;  
 We knew no falshood in our happy times,  
 Nor pierc'd the golden bosom of our climes.

\* The Peruvians worship the Sun.

On Gallic shores there's nought but noise and strife—  
Contention and distrust embitter life!

Hesperian Maids have charm'd my Azor's eyes,  
While, sunk in sad despair, Zelida dies.

Say then, Irena, can't thou blame the sighs,  
That swell my bosom, and unbidden rise?

Perhaps e'en now he at the Altar stands—

And now the Priest for ever joins their hands.

Be still, my flutt'ring heart!—be strong, to hear  
The fatal news, without a groan or tear!

Hear, that he never more shall bless my sight,  
And calmly own—"whatever is, is right."

Not rising morn, nor Afric's spicy gale,  
That wantons o'er the perfum'd citron vale,

Can ease or pleasure to my soul impart,  
Or calm the tortures of my breaking heart.

Turn back thy stream, O Tiber! quit thy course,  
And with loud murmurs make e'en Echo hoarse!

F

Fade;

On



Fade, fade, ye flowers ! O drop your painted heads !  
 And sink, all wither'd, to your blasted beds !  
 He's gone, for ever gone ! Unfaithful Youth !  
 Is this the fond return for love and truth ?  
 Sometimes, Irena, in yon tow'ring grove,  
 Once sacred seat of friendship and of love,  
 While glitt'ring dew-drops deck the quiv'ring trees,  
 And gentle Zephyr fans a cooling breeze,  
 Alone I range, when Luna mounts on high,  
 To drop a tear, or heave the pent-up sigh ;  
 There rave I, wilder than the winds or seas,  
 Sigh with each gale, and murmur with each breeze.  
 Zelida, cease—thou send'st thy fruitless sighs  
 To one who heeds not tears or piercing cries :  
 A Cave there is, once some sad Hermit's Cell,  
 Where Solitude and Peace were wont to dwell ;  
 Beneath, enrag'd the surging billows rave,  
 And wash the bottom of the dreary cave :

There,



There, with dejected eye, I'll sit all day,  
 And watch the curling eddies as they play;  
 Till Death, with lenient power appears,  
 Calms my sad breast, and stops the gushing tears;  
 Then will each care, and ev'ry grief be o'er,  
 And faithless Azor be belov'd no more.

T H E

N I G H T M A R E.

NIGHT's sable curtains o'er the world were spread,  
And more than common darkness hung the air,  
While in soft sleep were weary mortals laid,  
And not a star kept twinkling in its sphere :

All Nature slept, with peaceful slumbers blest,  
Save only one, and she, to joy unknown,  
Pass'd the long hours without her usual rest,  
And for each breeze she gave an echoing groan.

Three nights before, the Church-yard's horrid gloom  
Receiv'd her Lover, from the clay-cold bier ;  
Her mind revolving on her Edward's Tomb,  
For him fast flow'd the unavailing tear.

Her,

Her, dark Uriah, from her cavern deep,  
Beheld fit object for her hellish spite ;  
Whose art could drain the waters of the deep,  
Transfix the stars, and turn the day to night.

In Edward's life, the Witch he had revil'd,  
Deny'd her alms, and thrust her from his door ;  
Bade her go howl in deserts ever wild,  
And come with whining looks to him no more.

This in her mind, she mounted her Night Mare,  
A figure horrible to human view !  
With rapid force she cut the foggy air,  
O'er hills and vales, and roaring floods she flew.

At length alighting at a dreary cell,  
Where Witches meet, and incantations use ;  
Where terrors nod, and direful horrors dwell,  
Man's frighted reason solely to abuse.

In

In the deep covert of a gloomy wood,  
 Where nightly, fiends and glaring spectres walk,  
 This mould'ring, subterraneous cavern stood,  
 In whose lone aisles dread apparitions stalk.

There to her sister Beldams she imparts  
 Her present grief, and asks their hellish aid;  
 Intreats they'd summon up their subtlest arts,  
 To plague and torture the afflicted Maid.

The Hags assent, and round their cauldron move,  
 Throwing therein each pois'nous deadly weed;  
 Philtres and drugs, inspiring hate and love,  
 Such as astound the inexperience'd Maid :

The serpent's tooth, the dragon's hateful blood,  
 Hemlock, and hissing viper's venom'd tongue;  
 Foam of the sea, and newly ebbing flood,  
 And panting hearts from dying turtles wrung.

The thunder roar'd, the dismal night-owl scream'd!

The Witches mutter'd wiles, and horrid fung;

The cavern groan'd, the flashing lightning gleam'd!

The air with horrid-invocations rung!

The spell accomplish'd, thro' the endarken'd air,

With eager haste, they flew to Edward's side,

And there rehears'd their incantations drear—

His voice procur'd, to Emma's bed they glide.

Her form, most fiend-like, still Uriah wore,

And on her Mare to Emma's chamber rode,

Who did with tears her wretched state deplore,

And oft in anguish call'd upon her God.

'Mid the impervious gloom of ebon night,

The fond, distracted, wretched Emma, found

His much-lov'd form oft fleet before her sight,

And heard his voice in dismal accents found.

Her



Her lovely neck hung down beside the bed,  
 Pale and distorted seem'd her beauteous face!  
 Her auburn hair erect upon her head,  
 Robb'd by pale Fear of every female grace.

On the white bosom of the tortur'd Maid,  
 Uriah grin'd in Asmodean guise;  
 While cares for Edward Emma's breast invade,  
 She scarcely credits, scarce believes her eyes.

She tries to speak—to stretch her weary arm;  
 Her voice is lost—she cannot hear the sound;  
 Nor raise her hand: so potent is the charm,  
 By damned Magic thus envelop'd round.

Drops of cold sweat from off her bosom pour'd,  
 While sheets of fire seem'd falling from on high!  
 Torrents of hail the sister Beldams shower'd,  
 Enlight'ning now—then darkening all the sky!

The



The night she'd pass'd thus restless and dismay'd,  
 When the plum'd Cock, glad harbinger of day,  
 Aurora saw, in purple robes array'd,  
 And the curs'd Wizards shrunk in haste away.

While the fair Goddess trips the daisy'd hills,  
 Sweeter the dew-bespangl'd lawns appear ;  
 And vocal herdsmen, with the noisy mills,  
 Assist—from Emma's breast to chase pale Fear.

Th' ambitious dream of sudden loss of pow'r ;  
 The poor are poorer, and the sick grow worse ;  
 The miser grasps in vain at shining ore,  
 And each forlorn one feels an added curse.

The love-sick Maid of ghosts and shadows dire ;  
 Thus Emma thought, when rous'd by Phœbus' beam,  
 No more she saw the falling flakes of fire—  
 She 'woke—and found—'twas all an idle dream !

O D E

T O

C O N T E M P L A T I O N .

COME, Contemplation ! Nymph divinely fair !

With meditative eye and pensive air :

Far from the fight of Folly's laughing throng,

Far from the festive dance, or giddy song,

O lead me !—where the angry billows roar,

And waves contending, lash the distant shore ;

Where rocks on rocks stupendously arise,

Whose barren tops appear to touch the skies ;

There, on the beach, we'll teach the tear to flow,

In all the tender luxury of woe.

Then, when the Sun shall hide his golden head,

And seek in painted clouds his Thetis bed,

And

And the still ev'ning claims our pensive walk,  
 Of Nature's wonders and her works, we'll talk :  
 Admire the humble vale, the forest tall,  
 And praise the bounteous Hand that form'd them all.  
 Returning homeward, thro' the Church-yard's gloom,  
 We stop to view some hapless Virgin's tomb,  
 Perhaps Eliza's—to my mem'ry dear !  
 Still to thy sufferings falls the gushing tear.  
 Hail, sacred Friendship ! ever in my heart  
 Shall dwell thy manners mild, devoid of art ;  
 Thy simple converse, thy unweary'd truth,  
 Thy matchless faith, and early faded youth.  
 Is injur'd innocence the care of Heaven ?  
 If so, to thee eternal bliss is given !  
 For thee the Maids shall strip the blooming bow'rs,  
 And strew thy grave with Nature's fairest flow'rs :  
 Thyself once fairest, joy of ev'ry eye,  
 Thy ear was never shut to Mis'ry's cry ;  
 Thou found'st the way each succour to impart,  
 And yet not wound the feelings of the heart.

Next, the Inscription meets the tearful eye,  
And from our breasts extorts another sigh :

“ Here lies Eliza, once a happy Maid,  
“ Till by fond love and faithless Man betray’d ;  
“ Like the fresh rose, she wither’d in her bloom,  
“ And dropp’d an early victim to the tomb.”

O Death ! how awful thy unerring bow,  
It lays the haughty and the rich man low ;  
The proud Lord here, forgetful of his birth  
And titles, mingles with the meanest earth.  
Some haste to meet thee, as their surest friend,  
Soothing their sorrows with a gentle hand,  
Giving oblivion to their grief and care—  
While others view thee but with eyes of fear.  
When sickness from my cheek shall steal the bloom,  
And bid me haste to Death’s uncertain gloom,  
Let me submissive wait the Will of Heav’n,  
Nay, pleas’d, resign the life my God has giv’n.  
At Night, return’d, we view the learned page,  
Wrote by the hand of venerable Age—

How

How Rome's first founders bold in Virtue grew,  
 Firm to their country, to each other true ;  
 Till curst Ambition stole into the mind,  
 Ambition ! bane and plague of human kind !  
 How she her Virtues and her Glory lost,  
 And that fam'd Freedom, once her greatest boast.  
 Her beaut'ous walls are now o'er-grown with weeds,  
 Where the swola toad and hissing viper breeds.  
 These are thy works, unconquerable Time,  
 Felt in all ages, and in ev'ry clime ;  
 All own thy might, save Virtue—that alone  
 Shall sit secure, and thy rude pow'r disown :  
 And on a blissful, on a happy shore,  
 Survive, when Time itself shall be no more ;  
 The Earth shall waste, all Nature feel decay,  
 While Virtue reigns amid eternal day.

S E A R C H  
A F T E R  
H A P P I N E S S .

O HAPPINESS! to few known but by name,  
Say, dwell'st thou in the bosom of the deep?  
Art thou annex'd to Titles, Wealth, or Fame;  
Or near yon sapient College dost thou sleep?

I've sought thee in the unfrequented vale,  
Thro' whose fair shades winds oft the babbling rill;  
I hop'd to find thee in the lowly dale,  
Or on the summit of yon tow'ring hill.

Oft have I chac'd thee o'er the verdant plain,  
Yet from my eyes you fickle ever flew;  
And still my searches and my toils were vain,  
Tho' oft I've grasp'd thee in my fancied view.

I sought



I fought thee next in Learning's ample store ;  
But still in vain—Thou'rt no where to be found !  
I caught a glimpse in Philosophic Lore,  
But fear thou'rt only an illusive sound.

Thus as I try'd to catch the flying Fair,  
Swiftly came on the gloomy shades of Night ;  
And while my bosom heav'd with rueful care,  
A rev'rend Sage appear'd before my fight.

An antique robe was 'cross his shoulders bound,  
Sandals, instead of shoes, adorn'd his feet ;  
A wreath of palm his aged temples crown'd,  
His mien was awful, yet divinely sweet !

His furrow'd face a smiling aspect wore,  
His silver locks bespoke a length of years ;  
My heart a rapture felt, unknown before,  
While thus the Sage my penfive bosom cheers :

“ Daughter,”

"Daughter," he cried, "attend INSTRUCTION's voice!

"You fight for HAPPINESS—the Goddess flies ;

"To lure her, yet depends upon your choice,

"And how to keep her, in your wisdom lies.

"'Tis not in splendor, equipage, or noise,

"To shine at ball, or sparkle at the play ;

"Pleasures like these the thinking mortal cloy—

"They're short, and fleeting as a winter day.

"Nor let Ambition snare thy swelling soul—

"For what is Fame beyond the present hour ?

"Beauty will fade, as years upon thee roll,

"And over hearts you'll lose your boasted pow'r.

"From him that flatters ever fearful fly,

"For falsehood hangs on his deceitful tongue ;

"If he should heave the fascinating sigh,

"O listen not ! or you are sure undone.

"Let

Let Honour still sustain thy wav'ring heart ;

“ Tho' you should find the tender conflict hard,

“ Avoid the Youth made up of wiles and art,

“ For Virtue ever is its own reward.

“ Court blest Religion in the pensive shade,

“ She'll breathe upon thy soul seraphic light ;

“ From her thou'lt ever find the surest aid,

“ And Heaven will open to thy distant fight.

“ Let thy pure hand the crying Orphan cheer,

“ And let thy charity the Widow bless ;

“ Deny not to Affliction, Pity's tear,

“ For Virtue's fairest when she aids Distress.

“ This will ensure the Goddess to thy breast,

“ And Peace will hover o'er thy humble Cell ;

“ Content will sooth thy rising cares to rest,

“ And with thee HAPPINESS shall ever dwell !”

S O N G.

I'LL hasten, a wreath to prepare,  
And twine all the sweets of the bow'r:  
The woodbine, and lilly so fair,  
And the violet, fresh blooming flow'r.  
The rose, to the cheek of my Love,  
All faded appears to my view;  
Nor the snow-drop, fresh pluck'd from the grove,  
Can vie with her bosom's white hue.

Yet the rose-bud I well may compare  
To the sweet, modest blush of the Maid;  
And the snow-drop, so beaut'ous and fair,  
Is like her, in innocence 'ray'd.

This garland, new cull'd from the vale,  
I'll place on my fair Delia's head;  
Not the perfume these flowrets exhale  
Can compare with the breath of the Maid.

DAMON

## DAMON AND PHYLLIDA.

### A PASTORAL.

- YE Shepherds, give over your strains,  
“ Attend to poor Phyllida’s tale :  
“ Young Damon, who gladden’d our plains,  
“ Has left his fair Cot in the Vale.  
“ Entic’d by the Trumpet of Fame,  
“ His pipe and his crook laid aside,  
“ To raise by brave actions his name—  
“ All the horrors of Death he defy’d !  
“ Contented and happy we were,  
“ For healthful and large was our flock ;  
“ Their fleece as the snow-drop was fair,  
“ And whiten’d the top of yon rock.

“ Our garden with flowrets was stor’d,  
“ Where roses and eglantine twine ;  
“ Where the bee stole his neet’rous hoard,  
“ And rich grapes pendant hung from the vine.

“ Our cottage with jes’mine was crown’d,  
“ Oaks shaded the seats at the door ;  
“ The woodbine crept wantonly round,  
“ And gave a fresh zest to our store.

“ A stream by the side of our cot,  
“ Ran murmuring thro’ a fair mead,  
“ Where Damon, so happy our lot !  
“ Oft pip’d to my praise on his reed.

“ Thus favour’d of Heaven, we dwelt,  
“ No bliss but each other we knew ;  
“ Our moments no sorrow e’er felt,  
“ For, wing’d by fond pleasure, they flew :

“ Till



“ Till Strephon, who lives on yon Mount,

“ One day to our vicinage came ;

“ And tales he thought fit to recount,

“ Of Glory, of Freedom, and Fame.

“ He told, in his youth how he fought ;

“ How he Riches and Honour acquir'd ;

“ How nobly he Liberty fought—

“ Till the breast of my Damon was fir'd !

“ He spoke with contempt of those Swains,

“ Who for Alba would feel no alarms,

“ But frolic and dance o'er the plains,

“ While 'gainst Nations combin'd she's in arms.

“ On this, my dear Damon grew sad,

“ No longer his cottage could please ;

“ No longer his bosom was glad—

“ His heart was a stranger to ease.

“ His

“ His flowrets, which once were his pride,  
“ Unpropt and neglected they grew ;  
“ His lambs o’er the meadows stray’d wide,  
“ And Peace from our cottage withdrew.

“ One day, as we sat in the wood,  
“ With these Warriors, said Damon, I’ll roam :  
“ Shall they for me shed their best blood,  
“ While I sit inactive at home ?

“ In vain were his Phyllida’s tears,  
“ For firm to his purpose he stood ;  
“ In vain did she paint her wild fears,  
“ And conjur’d up Horrør’s dark brood.

“ These woods and these valleys, he cry’d,  
“ Can witness, thou’rt dear to my arms ;  
“ But leave thee I must, still he sigh’d,  
“ For Glory resistless has charms.

“ Yet

“ Yet soon will thy Shepherd return,

“ All cover'd with laurels, to thee ;

“ Again with fond love will I burn,

“ And my passion I'll carve on each tree.

“ Next morning I travers'd each grove,

“ But Damon had taken his flight,

“ Forgetting his vows and his love—

“ For ever he's lost to my fight !

“ Then mourn, my dear Shepherds, with me,

“ My Damon, I fear me, is slain :

“ For Britain from War now is free,

“ And yet he returns not again.

“ No more will I join the gay throng,

“ That festive now dance in the grove ;

“ No more will I list to the song,

“ But mourn all the day for my Love.

“ O Damon !

“ O Damon! most dear to my soul,

“ The tear still fast flows at thy name :

“ While Time o’er my sorrows shall roll,

“ I’ll curse the allurements of Fame.”

As she spoke—o’er the far distant plain

Her Damon came tripping along !

And the Day that restor’d her lost Swain,

Each morn, is the theme of her song.

F I N I S .